

## The Sweet, Yellow, Smooth Pumpkin Pye

THE birds of the Hudson may sing of the meadow,  
Its smooth jetty seeds and its ripe ruddy core,  
And the feast of the reaper with ecstasy dwell on,  
Reclining at noon on the cool breezy shore;  
For me the rich soil of New England produces  
An offering more dear to the taste and the eye,  
The bright yellow pumpkin—how mellow it juices,  
When tempered with ginger and bak'd into pye.

LET others with dainties their appetite pamper,  
And gaze with delight on the splendors of plate,  
Be stunn'd by a bustle, and bid pages scamper—  
Such pleasures as these I resign to the great;  
But give me the feast when no knives and forks clatter,  
Where each to the neat cherry table draws night,  
And carves for himself from the broad earthen platter  
A slice of the sweet, yellow, smooth pumpkin pye.

THERE are those who delight in the fat and the raisin,  
In quaffing the milk from the coconut's shell—  
Some, the olive and pomegranate lavish their praise on,  
The orange's glow and the pineapple's smell;  
I leave them the product of both of the Indies,  
And all the rich fruits of a tropical sky;  
Their exquisite juices and flavors and tinges,  
And ask no dessert save the sweet pumpkin pye.

THEN hail to the muse of the pumpkin and onion,  
The Frenchman may laugh and the Englishman sneer  
At the land of the Bible, and Psalm Book and Bunyan!  
Still, still to my bosom her green hills are dear!  
Her daughters are pure as her bright crystal fountains,  
And, Hymen, if ever thy blessings I try,  
O give me the girl of my own native mountains,  
Who knows how to temper the sweet pumpkin pye.

—Boston Sentinel of Sept. 18, 1818.

## MISSOURI STATE NEWS

### A Second Cripple Creek.

In defiance of the state geologist's report that there was no gold in the Charlton valley mine near New Cambria, the Pioneer Gold Mining company of Macon county has been incorporated under the laws of Missouri with a capital stock of \$100,000. The promoters of the company, Messrs. James Reed and G. A. Yager, have just returned from Denver, where they put 1,000 pounds of their ore through the mill and were handed out \$7.50 in gold and silver, or \$15 to the ton. At Denver a contract was made for the erection of a 25-ton mill, and the company expects their plant to be in operation early in 1910. Some of the best known people of Macon county are among the list of shareholders. The company has control of 160 acres, which cover a 20-foot vein of quartz that will last upwards of twenty-five years' constant operation.

"We don't control it all," said Mr. Yager. "That ledge extends far up and down the river, and soon as our mill is going, that valley will be another Cripple Creek. People don't believe it now, except those who have seen the material milled. Gold in Missouri sounds like 'pineapples in Alaska.'"

### Band Must Move On.

Free band concerts in Mendon, Charlton county, were given a black eye by the Kansas City court of appeals, when an injunction granted by the circuit court of that county against the town officials and bandmaster was upheld. The injunction applied to the location of the band stand. The injunction was granted on the protest of H. C. Atterbury, who runs a general merchandise store of the town. The band stand was erected in front of his store. On band concert nights large crowds gathered there, blocking the street and making it impossible for customers to gain entrance to his store.

### Insurance Men Elect.

The state convention of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance association closed at Warrensburg with a smoker given by the Warrensburg Commercial club. The various mutual associations showed a large increase of business over last year. The following officers were elected: President, J. B. Shores, Fayette; vice president, W. H. Fitch, Richmond; secretary, W. B. Flowers, Meadville. The next annual meeting will be held at Liberty, Mo., in November, 1910.

### It Rained Ducks.

The greatest freak in the career of lightning in that section of the country this season occurred at the home of Jacob Bruner, a farmer, residing south of Chillicothe, during an electrical storm. While a terrific rain was falling, a flock of ducks passed over the Bruner farm. Just as they neared the house a flash of lightning struck the flock and killed every duck. When Bruner went into the eyard he picked up 46 ducks.

### King's Daughters Name Mexico.

The annual convention of the King's Daughters of the state which has been in session in Chillicothe, elected the following officers: State secretary, Miss Emma Glazebrook, St. Louis; recording secretary, Miss Carrie Davis, St. Louis; state treasurer, Mrs. Briueford, Mexico. Mexico was chosen as the place of meeting next year.

### Unknown Man's Body Found.

The badly decomposed body of a man, apparently 60 years of age, well dressed but bearing nothing by which it could be identified, was found in a pasture two miles south of earthage. The man's throat had been cut with a pocket knife, evidently his own, which lay close by.

### Certain of Raising \$50,000.

The Bible College of Missouri, located in Columbia, is making extraordinary effort to raise a \$50,000 endowment by December 1, so as to procure a similar amount offered by R. A. Long of Kansas City. G. D. Edwards, financial agent for the college, is working to secure the money, and said it is practically assured the amount will be raised by December 1.

### Sunday School Convention at Moberly.

The forty-first annual convention of the Missouri Sunday School association was held at Moberly and was one of the best ever held in the state. Hundreds of delegates attended. The people of Moberly furnished free lodging and breakfast to all the visitors. President James J. Park of St. Louis presided over the sessions, which continued three days.

### Jiu Jitsu Course at M. S. U.

Chinese students at the University of Missouri have stirred up so much interest in jiu jitsu, the Chinese system of wrestling, that a regular course in the Oriental art has been added to the physical training department of the university.

## SURE THE SHOVEL WAS CLEAN

Explanation of Small Boy That Must Have Greatly Reassured the Anxious Mother.

"I've just spanked Ned. I don't know what course you'll pursue with Stephen," remarked the mother's intimate friend.

"What have the boys been up to now?" was the timorous query.

"About the very last thing you'd imagine. They've been eating luncheon with the Italian laborers working along the car tracks. And you might as well know the worst at once—they've been eating meat cooked in a shovel."

With a frantic vision of a hopelessly germ-riddled child, Stephen's mother called her interesting heir to speedy account.

"I didn't eat luncheon with any strange men," he indignantly persisted. "Those men are all my dear friends. And I didn't eat any meat cooked in a shovel, either."

"What did you eat, then?"

"Only some gravy cooked in a shovel by one of the men." Then perceiving the wild alarm in the maternal countenance. "But it was clean all right, mother, for I saw the man wipe off the shovel with his hat before he poured in the gravy."

## CERTAIN DEATH.



Hilda—Would you lay down your life for me?  
Harold—Gladly, dearest.  
Hilda—Then go and tell father of our engagement.

### Embarrassing.

Not only the houses of the Mexicans but whatever you admire is yours. If you express a sentiment of approbation of anything, the owner at once says: "Senior, it is yours;" but he simply intends something flattering, and you are therefore not expected to accept anything that is offered to you. An amusing story is told of Sir Spencer St. John, the English ambassador, which illustrates how this national courtesy often provokes embarrassment. Sir Spencer, who is a gallant old bachelor, was promenading with some ladies in the park, when he met a nurse girl with a bright-eyed baby. The ladies stopped to admire the little one, and Sir Spencer asked whose child it was. "Senior, it is your own," replied the nurse, with a courtesy. Sir Spencer has never inquired as to the parentage of pretty children since.

### New England Pie.

Some poor dweller in the benighted beyond of Chicago asks what a real New England pie is like. It probably will not help him to be told, but if he means apple, it is like an essay by Emerson liquefied with the music of Massenet and spiced with the cynicism of Shaw; if he means pumpkin, it is like some of Gounod's music heard in a landscape all sun and flowers. It is too early yet to describe the mince pies of 1909, but last year's—and last year was not an extraordinary good year—were like an increase in salary, and a present from home arriving on the day when one's conscience was behaving itself.—Boston Globe.

### Beautiful Structures Dreams Realized.

Every beautiful structure is the dream of the architect. St. Paul's is but a dream of Christopher Wren. Without the dreamers the world would be a dull place. Dreamers lifted it out of the darkness of barbarism and ignorance and placed it in the white light of civilization and knowledge.

When a man returns from a visit to his folks, his wife looks at him as much as to say: "What have they been doing to poison your mind against me now?"

## CUT THIS OUT.

### Recipe That Breaks a Cold in a Day and Cures Any Curable Cough.

"Mix half ounce of Concentrated pine compound with two ounces of glycerine and half a pint of good whiskey; shake well each time and use in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours."

These ingredients can be obtained from any good druggist or he will get them from his wholesale house. The Concentrated pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce bottles, each enclosed in an airtight case, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated."

### Suspicious.

The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken-coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had discovered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wadhams' horses came to him. "You los' you affection foh me, boss?" he asked. "No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever." "Then," said Scipio, peevishly, "w'yn't you tie Old Rover in de chicken-coop, 'stid of dat new dorg?"

### Her Sad Finish.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"  
"Yes."  
"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"  
"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."

### Bridge.

Miss Cheatham—I believe I shall have to give up bridge.  
Miss Frank—Really? Wasn't the game worth the scandal?

### FERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

should be taken without delay when sore chest and tickling throat warn you that an annoying cold threatens. At all druggists in 25c, 50c and 100c bottles.

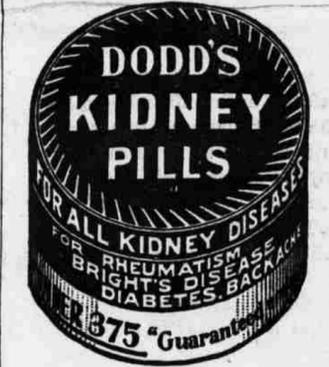
Nothing will thaw the frigid heart of a man as quickly as a pretty woman's tears.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

It's a lot easier for a child to inherit red hair than brains.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Lots of garrulous people make a specialty of saying nothing.



## Oh! That Awful Gas

Did you hear it? How embarrassing. These stomach noises make you wish you could sink through the floor. You imagine everyone hears them. Keep a box of CAS-CARETS in your purse or pocket and take a part of one after eating. It will relieve the stomach of gas.

CAS-CARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

## Paper-Hangers & Painters

You can greatly increase your business with no extra investment by selling Alfred Fente's Prize Wallpaper. We want one good worker in each vicinity, and the first worthy applicant will send FREE, by prepaid express, five large sample books showing a \$250,000.00 Wallpaper Stock for customers to select from. We offer liberal profits to our representatives. Answer quickly that you may get the agency in your vicinity for 1910. Alfred Fente Co., 146-148 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

## The Wizard of Horticulture

### Hon. Luther Burbank

says: "Delicious is a gem—the finest apple in all the world. It is the best in quality of any apple I have so far tested,"—and Mr. Burbank knows.

Delicious is but one of the hundreds of good things in Stark Trees—the good things you should know about before you plant this fall or next spring.

Let us tell you about them by writing today for our complete, illustrated price-list-catalogue which describes our complete line of fruit trees, ornamentals, etc.

## Wanted—A Bright, Capable Man

in each county of this state to sell Stark Trees on commission. No previous experience necessary. The work is pleasant, clean work, highly profitable, and the positions are permanent to the right men, who apply immediately.

Many of our salesmen are earning \$50 to \$80 per month and expenses; some are making more. You can do as well or better if you're a hustler and trying to succeed.

No investment called for; we furnish complete order-getting outfit free and the most liberal contract.

For complete information address the Sales Manager of  
**STARK BRO'S NURSERIES & ORCHARDS CO., LOUISIANA, MO.**

## Around the Fire Thanksgiving Evening

ULL justice has been done the Thanksgiving dinner from soup to nuts and raisins. The somnolent spirits have taken their after-dinner nap and the more strenuous ones have come back from a brisk after-dinner tramp. It's growing colder outside. Twilight is approaching. Within, around the open fire, housemates and guests have gathered for an evening of Thanksgiving jollity.

And now what shall we do? No dry, brain-racking game of whist, no stylish hand of bridge—nothing like that is meant for this glorious occasion. Any kind of cards is too exclusive, too cold blooded for this hour. No, next on the Thanksgiving program is an evening of good, wholesome, silly, jolly games.

A few suggestions in the line of games of this sort may help the housemother make this Thanksgiving evening is an especially jolly one.

"Telegram" is a good game to get every one into good humor as quickly as possible. Supply each member of the company with a pencil and a sheet of paper. Each person is then to say offhand some letter of the alphabet. The letters, in the order named, are taken down by the whole company. The stint set is for each one to write a telegram made up of words beginning with the letters given. All the letters must be used, the original order must be preserved and no extra words can be added. When the telegrams are completed, they are gathered in, mixed up and dealt out again that responsibility for and personality in them may be impossible to place.

After they have been read, a new set of letters is given and new telegrams composed. Very shortly each one in the company will be chuckling with delight over his own efforts and roaring with laughter over the ingenious and ridiculous conglomeration that will be read. From A B C D E F G H I J, for instance, one might produce "Aunt Betsy's cow dying"—"Editha flunked German"—"Holo-caust imminent, Jane." Another might make of it "All broken-hearted. Come directly. Ever faithful George has ignominiously jilted."

"Gossip" is great fun, though no one wants to play it more than a few minutes. Let the entire company stand side by side on a straight line. Then let the person who stands at one end whisper something very quickly in the ear of his next door neighbor. The minute he stops whispering, the next door neighbor imparts the message just as swiftly and just as secretly to his neighbor and so on down the line.

When the last person in line is reached the originator of the message tells the company what he said and the man at the other end what was said to him. Of course, the original remark has been garbled. The moral and the laughter are both obvious.

Games in which two of the company, confederates, mystify the rest are always fun, although they can, of course, be played only once. Prizes among these is "The Wand Passes." One of the company is sent from the room. Another, who is in league with the first, promises that when he holds the wand, which may be a cane or umbrella, over some member of the

company, the exiled member will be able to tell over whom. The door must be left open. The confederates explain that this in order not to interrupt the current of electricity between them.

The magic-monger allows the company to chat a few minutes after his confederate has departed. Then he suddenly breaks in upon the conversation, waving the wand and saying in a sepulchral tone, "The wand passes." The exile answers from the next room very solemnly, "Let it pass." Again comes the announcement, "The wand passes," and again the answer, "Let it pass." The third time the possessor of the wand holds it over some head and inquires, "The wand rests over whom?"

Then is the exile promptly to answer, "Over so-and-so," naming the right person. The trick is accomplished by having it arranged that the confederate who remains in the room shall hold the wand over the person who spoke last before the announcement, "The wand passes." All the exile in the next room need be able to do is to distinguish the voices of the company.

Another mystifying game is called "Chinese writing." Take grandfather's cane in your hand; request your confederate to step into the hall. All decide upon a rather short word, say, "meat." Both of you understand that you will tap with your cane for the vowels according to their regular order; a, one tap; e, two taps; i, three taps; o, four taps; u, five taps, and that the first letter of the first word of every remark that you make after your confederate enters will be a consonant of the word she is to guess. The taps of the cane will be the vowels according to their order.

As she enters you begin marking on the floor with your cane marvelous characters, which the whole company will watch eagerly. As you write you say casually, "Must I write fast?" Here she gets the "M." Then you make two heavy taps as you write, which, according to the code means "E." After a little more writing make another single tap for the "A." Then say naturally, "Try to follow me very closely," which gives her the "T" to complete the word. Go on writing mysteriously for a moment or two and then ask her if she has read the word all right. She will doubtless be able to tell the company, to their great astonishment. With a little ingenuity you can make your remarks sound very natural and hence make the trick seem very puzzling.

If you have in your company, any person good natured enough to appreciate a joke on himself, the following trick will furnish much fun: Announce that you will hypnotize any friend who is willing to follow your directions. Retire from the room and take two cups and saucers. Put your own carefully aside. Then take the other saucer and hold it over a lamp or candle until the under part is covered with soot. Put the cup back in the saucer. Fill the cups with water. Then tell your friend who is to be hypnotized that it is impossible for the spell to work unless he follow your directions exactly. Present him with a cup and saucer. Tell him to hold these in his left hand, and, looking straight into your eyes and nowhere else, to do exactly what you do.

Then dip the fingers of your right hand in the water, rub them on the under side of his saucer's thick with cabalistic passes over your forehead and cheeks. The patient to be hypnotized will do the same, and as the under side of his saucer is thick with soot every cabalistic pass will leave its mark. The effect on the part of the company who are entirely unprepared for this denouement soon enlightens the victim. The soot scrubs off easily and there is no harm done, provided you have been wise enough to select a good natured person for your hypnotic influence.